

The history

Will with a trumpet twixt our Tents and Troy,
To morrow morning call some Knight to armes,
That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare,
Maintaine I know not what, (tis trash) farewell.

Ajax. Farewell, who shall answer him.

Achil. I know not, tis put to lottry, otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O meaning you? I will go learne more of it.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Priam. After so many houres, lues, speeches spent,
Thus once againe saies *Nestor* from the Greekes:
Deliver *Hellen*, (and all damage els,
As honour, losse of time, trauell, expence,
Wounds, friends and what els deere that is consum'd:
In hot digestion of this cormorant warre)
Shalbe stroke off, *Hector* what say you to it?

Hect. Though no man lesser feares the Greekes then I
As farre as toucheth my particular: yet dread *Priam*
There is no Lady of more softer bowells,
More spungy to suck in the sence of feare:
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surely
Surely secure, but modest doubt is call'd
The beaçon of the wise, the tent that serches,
Too th bottome of the worst let *Hellen* go,
Since the first sword was drawne about this question
Euery tith soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath beene as deere as *Hellen*. I meane of ours:
If we haue losse so many tenthes of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs,
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten,
What merits in that reason which denies,
The yeelding of her vpp?

Troy. Fie, fie, my brother,
Way you the worth and honour of a King:
So great as our dread fathers in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with *Compters* summe
The past proportion of his infinite.

And

of *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

And buckle in, a waste most fathomles,
With spanes and inches so dyminutue:
As feares and reasons: Fie for Godly shame?

Helen. No maruell though you bite so sharpe of reasons,
You are so empty of them should not our father;
Beare the great sway of his affaires with reason,
Because your speech hath none that tell him so?

Troy. You are for dreames and slumbers brother Priest,
You furre your gloues with reason, here are your reasons
You know an enemy intends you harme:
You know a sword imployde is perilous
And reason flies the object of all harme.
Who maruells then when *Helenus* beholds,
A Gretian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heeles,
And flie like chidden *Mercury* from *Ioue*
Or like a starre disord? nay if we talke of reason,
Sets shut our gates and sleepe: man-hood and honour,
Should haue hare hearts, wou'd they but fat their thoughts
With this cram'd reason, reason and respect,
Make lyuers pale, and luthood deiect.

Hect. Brother, shee is not worth, what shee doth cost the
keeping.

Troy. Whats aught but as tis valued.

Hect. But valew dwells not in perticuler will,
It holds his estimate and dignity,
As well wherein tis precious of it selfe
As in the prizer, tis madde I dolatry
To make the seruice greater then the God,
And the will dotes that is attributue;
To what infectionly it selfe affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit,

Troy. I take to day a wife, and my election:
Is led on in the conduct of my will,
My will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded pilots twixt the dangerous shore,
Of will and Iudgement: how may I auoyde?
(Although my will distast what it elected)

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